32: Gilles O,X-3 (1902-c.1910) 1974
NO6 Comanche NO6
Oklahoma

It was the middle of the afternoon before I could saddle my horse and leave for the Martny camp. Jim's family allotments, about six miles down Cache Creek, were the last individual Indian land. When the creek left his land it entered the Big Pasture Reserve, the ranch country. His allotments adjoined the reserve on both their south and east sides. There were two roads into Jim's camp, and both dead-ended. One, the road I used to reach the camp, came from the west and north; the other ran north from the camp to a gate into the reserve. The latter road was the one Jim used when going directly to Lawton or to the subagency at Fort Sill. A concept of the camp's isolation will help the reader to have a clearer understanding of subsequent events. As I have said, the evidence is mostly circumstantial.

I found Albert conscious, lying on his platform bed under the family's large brush arbor. As I remember it, their arbor was the largest family arbor I saw during the time I was in the Comanche country, probably thirty by thirty-six feet. It had a clearance of a full six feet at the edge or eaves and probably eight feet at the center. It was large enough for platform beds for all, besides a sizable living space. I saw larger arbors constructed for camp meetings, but not for family use.

Albert's mother left us boys to our talk, and I took over the job of switching the flies away with a leafy twig. Of course Albert knew nothing of the happenings, after the first few jumps made by the excited horse, until he regained consciousness, completely trussed up in splints. Beyond question, he was the worst broken-up human, to be living. I ever saw.

His right arm and leg, splinted, were lying in troughs made from pieces of wood from goods boxes. At that time all canned goods and food sold in cartons, like oatmeal and crackers, were shipped in wooden boxes. I imagine the Martny wives had saved the pieces to start the campfire.

The breaks in this arm and leg were compound fractures. That is to say, one or both bones from each break protruded from the flesh. The breaks in the left arm and leg, which were simple fractures, were held in place with splints from the same material, but were not in troughs. The splints were wrapped and padded with faded calico rags.

Here and there on the limbs and along the side of the body pieces of flesh were gouged out where the horse had stepped on the flesh. His racing shoes must have been new, for they made clean cuts.